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## PERSONAL EXPERIENCE IN TURKISH MASSACRES AND RELIEF WORK

*By F. D. Shepard, M. D., of Aintab, Turkey*

For several years preceding the massacre of 1895, the Armenians had been growing restive under the growing exactions of Abdul Hamid, and were pressing in all legitimate ways for the execution of the reforms promised in the treaty of Berlin. Great Britain had been the especial sponsor for Turkey, had taken Cyprus as a guarantee that these reforms should be carried out, and in response to the Armenian appeal, brought considerable diplomatic pressure to bear upon the Ottoman Government. Until July 24, 1908, "Abdul Hamid" and "the Ottoman Government," were synonymous terms. In the meantime there was a small minority among the Armenians, mostly hot-headed, ignorant young men, led by a few Russian Armenians, bred in the school of Russian nihilism and terrorism, who were carrying on a vigorous propaganda of revolutionary ideas. This movement centered in a secret society known as the Hunchagists, who made America and Europe their base of operations, from whence they sent into Turkey their literature and emissaries. Abdul Hamid, through his well nigh perfect system of espionage, knew all the secrets of the revolutionists, and was more than a match for the diplomats. His reply to the increasing pressure from without and the increasing unrest within was, like that of Pharaoh of old, to add to the burdens. The already burdensome taxes were exacted with unexampled rigor; the censorship of the press, the general espionage and the exasperating passport system were put into more efficient operation; and the lawless Kurds were permitted or encouraged to prey upon their poor Armenian neighbors more freely than before. Here was a vicious circle. The more the poor Armenian strove to rise,

the more pressure Abdul Hamid applied; and the greater the pressure, the more vigorous the struggle.

Finally in 1895, the British Government, finding all its persuasion futile, came to the point of issuing an ultimatum, with its Mediterranean fleet at Mitylene to enforce its demands. For several days the Turk expected to see each morning when he woke, the British fleet in the Bosphorus. Before the inertia of the Triple Alliance, and the covert threats of Germany and Russia, England faltered, the day of opportunity passed, Lord Rosebury gave place to the cynical Salisbury; and Abdul Hamid breathed freely once more. During this time the revolutionary propaganda had made some progress, and when the leaders of the nation (as the Armenians still call themselves) who had all along thrown their influence against the Hunchagists, saw all their hopes of foreign intervention come to naught, some of them went over to the revolutionists and others became lukewarm in their opposition, although any one with half an eye could see that the schemes of the Hunchagists were utterly foolish and impracticable. But the situation was desperate, and no one else had a programme. The Hunchagists did not hesitate to use terrorism, even resorting to the assassination of some of their brethren who opposed them; and so for a time they were the predominating influence among the Armenians in Turkey.

This was the state of things when I returned from my vacation in the autumn of 1895. During the summer three revolutionary emissaries had passed through Aintab, preaching an immediate uprising, and attempting to levy funds for the same. They had been given a hearing, but little more, only one timid man contributing to their exchequer. They passed on to Marash and Zeitoon, and we heard alarming rumors of their success in that region. One of the leading pastors of the Protestant Armenian community, at considerable risk to himself, went with me to Marash in the attempt to dissuade the foolish people from any idea of an armed uprising. We assembled some twenty leading men from the different Armenian communities, and tried to reason with them; but they were carried away with

their revolutionary schemes and would listen to no one. When the storm they raised blew over there were but two of that score of men alive.

Early in October the people of Zietoon, a mountain town of seven or eight thousand inhabitants, fifteen hours north of Marash, rose in rebellion, and captured the Turkish garrison of 500 soldiers, and then attacked the surrounding Moslem villages. By this stroke they at the same time secured arms and ammunition for themselves, and gave Abdul Hamid the excuse for which he was apparently waiting. Exaggerated stories of the atrocities committed by the Zeitoonlis filled the Turkish newspapers, to be repeated and again exaggerated, till every village in the empire was filled with them. Moslem fanaticism and Osmanli patriotism were both aroused, and when the reserves were called out, the men put on their uniforms and joined the colors with more than ordinary alacrity. The warlike Zeitoonli must be subdued, but Abdul Hamid knew a trick worth two of that. And wherever there was a prosperous Armenian community, did he let loose upon them his soldiery? Oh no! He was too astute for that. He let loose upon them the mob, the Kurd and the fanatic Turk, inflamed with lies about Armenian atrocities, and filled with lust for loot, for women and for blood. Who should call him to account for mob violence? Do not mobs arise in all countries? To be sure these mobs were sometimes rather orderly mobs; they often began operations at the signal of a bugle blown at the barracks, and they sometimes ceased operations at the same signal. There seemed to be method in the madness.

The massacre at Aintab was not a typical one, but as it was the only one I witnessed I will describe it. It was about seven o'clock Saturday morning, November 16, 1895. We were at breakfast when the servants rushed in with terror-stricken faces, crying out that a massacre had broken out in the city. Our house is on the college campus, a half mile outside the city. I stepped to the door and the air was filled with horrid clamor, the shrieks of women, the sound of firearms, shoutings of men, the crashing of breaking doors and windows, the shrill ullulation of the Moslem

women cheering their men on to the loot and slaughter, all combined to make a very pandemonium. Our Girls' Boarding School and Hospital are in the edge of the city and my first thought was for our four missionary ladies living there. My horse stood saddled at the door, and I at once rode to the Girls School, passing through a crowd of Kurds armed with guns, axes, clubs, and butcher-knives, who were swarming out of their quarter of the city to attack their Armenian neighbors. One of them whom I knew well motioned me to get along, but no one spoke to me. At the school Miss Foreman had gathered the white-faced terrified girls about her in prayer, and across the street at the hospital, I found Dr. Hamilton and Miss Trowbridge quietly doing the routine work of the wards, although the native nurses were in great fear and distress for their friends in the city. In Aintab most of the Christians live in two separate wards, with heavy gates shutting them off from the rest of the city. The massacre began so early that many of the people had not yet left their homes for business, and many who were on their way were able to turn back before the heavy gates which kept out the mob were shut. One of these gates was in sight from the hospital windows and I watched its defense for a little. Upon the flat roofs adjoining the gate was a small company of men and women, the latter busy bringing stones, and whenever the mob made a rush for the gate, it was met by a fusilade of stones and gun shots which drove it back again. I was surprised to see no wounded carried away, but later I learned there were no wounded, because those with guns had fired purposely over the heads of their assailants. After a half hour I returned to the school, and found that Mr. Sanders had come over from the college soon after I did. He had seen the head of a column of soldiers marching out of the city toward the college. Just then a mob rushed up the street between school and hospital, and with loud outcries attacked the hospital gate. My impulse was to confront them and reason with them, and as I opened the gate to do so, I found our nearest neighbor, a burly Turk, Hadge Hussein Agha, standing in the hospital gate holding the mob at bay, and protesting that no one should enter

there except over his dead body. What the outcome would have been I cannot say, for just then a detachment of soldiers came along and scattered the crowd. They passed on without leaving the guard for our premises which I demanded of them. A few Armenians fled to the hospital and girls school for refuge, and were taken in. The gates to the Armenian quarters were not forced, principally because the mob abandoned them to take part in the looting of shops and warehouses in the market. At noon the bugle sounded and the attack promptly ceased, although the looting of the market went on into the night. During the night two distilleries and the houses of two or three especially obnoxious Armenians were burned.

At two o'clock in the afternoon I returned to the college, leaving Mr. Sanders at the school. There was a cordon of soldiers drawn between the city and college. They permitted me to pass, but would not allow me to return, and for several days no natives were allowed to go to or from the college. Seventeen hundred and fifty-four shops and stores were looted, and when the Sabbath sun arose, 282 dead bodies lay in the streets. In general, however, there seems to have been little desire to kill. This is seen from the fact that there were about 1500 men and boys caught in the market at the mercy of the mob, who were not killed but imprisoned in two large khans. When I attempted to go to the city in the morning, the captain in command of the soldiers said his orders were absolute to allow no one to pass, and when I insisted he placed me in charge of a squad of soldiers with drawn bayonets, and escorted me back to the college. That day was one of the most trying of my life. I was condemned to inactivity, when I knew there were many wounded needing my services, many of my friends in terror, in despair, in mourning for their dead, and I shut away from them. By nine o'clock the hills about the city were covered by armed Kurdish and Turkish villagers, who were kept out by the soldiers. By noon this crowd had multiplied to several thousand, and was giving the soldiers much trouble. From the top of the college tower, with my field-glass, I saw the mob break through the cordon and rush

into the nearest quarter of the city, whence arose a horrible confusion of sound. In a very few minutes there appeared a Turkish officer on a white horse, who, with sword and pistol, drove the mob pell mell out of the city and a long way into the fields. The Christian houses thus attacked were outside the regular Armenian quarter, and near the hospital. Hadge Hussein Agha, our Turkish friend before mentioned, with his servants and neighbors, gathered up and brought into the hospital the wounded left by this little inroad, 16 in number. Dr. Caroline Hamilton did what was necessary for them, among other things amputating a thigh. One of the first cases brought in was an old man with the back of his head laid open with an ax, so that the skull gaped an inch or so, showing the throbbing brain. Dr. Hamilton glanced at him and said, "that is a hopeless case, lay him down there." When the others were all done she examined the old man, and finding him still alive, drew the wound together with a bandage, and adjusting an anti-septic dressing gave him a bed. The old man's wound healed by first intention, and he was the first one of the lot to leave the hospital.

Monday morning, chafing to get into the city, I again sallied forth and was met by the same command to return to the college. This I refused to do, saying to the captain I refused to recognize his authority, that I would go to his superior officer if he chose to send me but I would not go back to the college. Apparently willing to shift the responsibility, he gave me in charge of three soldiers with orders to take me to the Mir Alai (commander-in-chief). I purposely took them (they were strangers in Aintab) a rather round-about way, and saw many dead still in the streets. I found the Mir Alai a white haired, benevolent looking man, in company with the Kaimakam and the leading men of the place, at the house of one of the local Beys. I asked who was in authority and was referred to the Mir Alai, who had arrived the day after the massacre, and who, as the sequel proved, was a good man. I addressed myself to him and asked permission to gather up the wounded and take them to the hospital; and also to collect and bury the dead. He



readily granted the permission and a guard to protect those engaged in the work. He also offered to station a guard of soldiers at the hospital and girls school. These offers I accepted, rather as a matter of policy than because I felt that there was need of the guard. With a small squad of soldiers and a sergeant placed under my orders by the Mir Alai, I started back, calling on the way upon my first assistant, Dr. H. K. Nazarian, and the heads of the various Christian communities. By the time I reached the hospital the wounded had begun to come in. Such a mangled mass of humanity you never saw. Five to ten wounds upon one individual was common, and in several cases twenty wounds were borne upon one poor human body. There were 54 of them brought in that day, and it was late at night before we had them all cared for. A few of the wounds were caused by gunshot, but most of them by knives, clubs and axes. The most fatal of all were the terrible fractures of the skull made by heavy clubs. From the medical standpoint some of these cases were of great interest, but I cannot dwell on that. Suffice it to say that out of the 72 wounded treated at the hospital, there were 16 deaths. When the character of the cases and the fact that they were all infected when they came to us is taken into the account, that was not bad.

A plot to kill all the 1500 men imprisoned in the Khans was frustrated by the governor, who was not bloodthirsty.

Every day or two we had news of a massacre elsewhere. Aintab got off lightly with only 300 killed, among them hardly a man of note. Marash lost 1200, and scarcely a leading man was left alive among either the Gregorian or Protestant Armenians. At Oorfah over 6000 were killed. There were 1500 widows left in that city, and had it not been for the heroic exertions of Miss Corrina Shattuck, most of them would have perished from starvation or worse.

At Aintab the mob was not satisfied with its meagre success, and made repeated attempts at renewed massacre, but was frustrated by the military. For three months the Christians were unable to open their shops or do any business in the market. Some sixty of their leading men were



arrested on false charges of murder, arson, treason, etc., and kept in prison in Aleppo for six months. They were finally released only on the payment of heavy bribes. So that after all Aintab made up, in part, for its short death-roll, by impoverishment and long-continued terror and suspense. Let me relate an incident of those days. I was going along the street with my soldier (it was long unsafe to go unguarded) one day, when I heard wailing in the house of my friend Jurje Effendi Chamikjian. I knocked at the door and upon gaining entrance found all the family gathered in great distress about the father. They told me that the night before, their nearest neighbor, a powerful Bey, had called Jurje Effendi and told him that he must become a Moslem, otherwise he would be thrown into prison in Aleppo, his property be confiscated, unspeakable things befall his wife and daughters. Telling him to go to prison by all means, since at that juncture the prison was the safest place for an Armenian in the Aleppo Vilayet, that I would protect his wife and daughters from the Bey, I comforted them as best I could, and left them somewhat cheered. Going at once to the Mir Alai with the story, he assured me that the Bey would not be allowed to carry out any of his nefarious schemes. He immediately called the Bey and threatened him in such wise that the Bey gave up that line of action, and Jurje Effendi went to prison with a light heart.

Meantime the *war* around Zeitoun went slowly on. It was apparently not Abdul Hamid's policy to bring that to a close until the massacres were finished. To be sure it was winter, and the mountain roads were deep in snow, but by February, when the European powers interfered and arranged a capitulation, there were no less than 34, or parts of 34 regiments of soldiers half starving and freezing in the mountains, in the attempt to conquer about 500 men. The British, Russian, French and Italian Consuls from Aleppo, and Edhem Pasha on the part of the Turkish Government were sent to Zeitoun to see the capitulations carried out. A few days later I received a telegram from one of the two physicians in Marash, asking me to come to him as he had Typhus fever. I replied that I could not leave Aintab.

The next day I had an identical message from the other Marash physician. As they were the only medical men in that large city (both of them my friends and former pupils) I decided to go. The Governor refused me an escort, so I applied to the Mir Alai, who said he had no cavalry but would give me two foot-soldiers if I could furnish mounts. I took two of the four soldiers who had been stationed on our premises for some time, and whom I could trust, mounted them on our own horses and set forth. Just as I was starting a telegram was handed me from Mr. Barnham, the British consul at Zeitoon, saying "Epidemic of Typhus, 50 deaths a day, can Dr. Shepard come at once?" I replied, "Enroute to Marash; write me there." After reaching Marash, I telegraphed Miss Clara Barton at Constantinople, setting forth the situation and asking the Red Cross to finance a medical relief expedition from Beirut; and telegraphed to Dr. Geo. E. Post of Beirut, asking him to organize an expedition of two physicians with necessary assistants, supplies, etc., and call on Miss Clara Barton for funds. I telegraphed Aintab for an assistant, medicines and surgical supplies, and meantime I gathered such meagre supplies as could be found in Marash.

The next morning before daylight I set out on horseback with two mounted soldiers. We climbed steadily up the mountain, and were soon in deep snow. The road, everywhere difficult, was in many places almost impassable, and the roadside was strewn with the carcasses of camels, mules and horses. We passed long strings of pack animals laden with food for the army, or for the starving in Zeitoon. It was long after dark when we were halted by a sentry, turned over to the officer of patrol and passed on to headquarters. Edhem Pasha not only received me cordially and made me his guest, but throughout my stay he did everything in his power to facilitate our relief work. I was soon called to dinner, and found quite a company at table, Edhem Pasha with five or six of his staff, the four consuls and their secretaries, Mr. Macallum and myself. Turkish and French were the languages most spoken, with English, Russian, Italian and Circassian in abundant evidence, and now and then a few sentences in Arabic.

Early in the morning Mr. Macallum and I rode into Zeitoon, about a mile from the Turkish headquarters. The town of Zeitoon is built, one house above another, the flat mud roof of one house often serving as the dooryard of the next one above, upon the steep sides of a promontory. The houses are built of wood, and a torch applied to one in the lower tier would burn them all like a box of kindling. The place is commanded from the nearby hills on three sides, its only military advantage being its inaccessibility because of the bad mountain trails. At that time the place had about 7000 inhabitants, and there had fled to it from other Armenian villages of the Taurus mountains some 14,000 refugees. The siege had been sufficiently close for three months to prevent the bringing in of food, and for the last few weeks the place had been under moderately close-range rifle fire day and night. The dead were buried in the cellars, and some of them lay with the unburied carcasses of dead animals in the streets. Typhus and dysentery found a good soil, and were carrying off 45 to 50 a day. The day before my arrival they had buried 54. Mr. Macallum and Consul Barnham were engaged in feeding the starving, and in view of my coming had improvised a hospital of 60 beds. A large schoolroom had been cleaned, and sacks filled with chopped straw, each provided with a warm cotton quilt, laid on the floor. Primitive enough, but compared with the stable, or fireless out-house, from which many of our patients came, it was luxury. And before night the 60 beds were filled with emaciated patients, mostly dysentery cases. During the day I saw some 200 fever cases, and estimated that there were at least 2000 people down with it. I found 14 in one room. They seemed to fear nothing so much as a breath of outside air. But the houses all had broad verandahs, and despite the appeals of the patients, and the frantic protests of the old women, I had them all carried out on to the verandahs. The effect was little less than miraculous. The open air and a little acid drink was the only treatment used in most cases, and in less than a week the mortality fell from 45 to 50 to 4 or 5 a day, and the 4 or 5 were mostly dysentery cases. We turned a moun-

tain stream into the streets at the upper end of town, and with a gang of men with hoes and brooms to help things along, we gave the place such a cleaning as it had never before seen. Consul Barnham, his dragoman and kavass all contracted the fever. Mr. Macallum and I escaped it, although more exposed than they. The soldiery were not allowed to visit the town, and escaped the fever, but their condition was very trying. The snow was deep, the weather cold, their food and clothing scanty, and shelter very inadequate. There were 21 men to each tent, a circular tent 12 feet in diameter. Still they were cheerful, obedient and polite. I spent 33 days in Zeitoon, and met the relief expedition from Beirut at Marash on my way out. I should have gone back sooner, but remained with Consul Barnham until he was able to travel.

During the six months, October to March, there were about 100,000 Armenians slaughtered, most of them males. A conservative estimate places the number of women and children who perished from deprivation and disease as a direct result of these massacres at another 100,000, *i.e.*, out of 2,000,000 people, 200,000 or one in ten were destroyed. There were thousands of orphans, only part of whom the impoverished Armenians were able to support, and in caring for these, English, Swiss, and German friends came to the help of the American missionaries. A good many young Armenians fled to America or Europe, and for some months doubt and despair prevailed. But with admirable courage they soon set themselves to repair the waste places. And in fifteen years they have nearly or quite made good their financial losses.

The Vilayet of Adana was the only province containing a considerable Armenian population which in 1895 escaped the besom of destruction. And upon the promulgation of the constitution in 1908, it was the most prosperous province of the Empire, thus indirectly showing, perhaps, the damage done in other regions. Alas, this fair province was not to escape its baptism of fire and blood. The massacre of 1895-96 was arranged and ordered by the central government at Constantinople; but that was not the case with the Adana

massacre, so far as I have been able to ascertain. It seems to have been a spontaneous local outbreak, and its only connection with Abdul Hamid was that, when the reactionaries got the welcome news that he was again in the saddle, they thought that by a massacre of Armenians they could feed fat their ancient grudge, enrich themselves, and at the same time ingratiate themselves with the Sultan. The matter had been brewing from the day when "equality" was coupled with "liberty and fraternity" on the banner of the "Young Turks." What! equality with Armenians? We will see about that some fine day was about how the matter stood in the mind of the "Old Turk." The Armenians, intoxicated with the new wine of liberty, often gave offense by wild talk or arrogant behavior. The Bishop of Adana openly advised his people to arm themselves, and many of the young men purchased arms and ostentatiously carried them. The ignorant and fanatical Mohammedan population only too readily believed the exaggerated reports that were circulated about the treasonable designs of the Armenians; and so all things were ready when the news came that Adbul Hamid had seized the reins and was again in full power. The "Old Turk" said to himself: "Lo, all things are as they were of old and ever shall be. Please God, we will teach these upstarts a lesson of equality, and incidentally get unto ourselves much goods and many fair women." There was anarchy at Constantinople, and so no interference with the plan.

The annual meeting of the Central Turkey Mission was in session in Adana, and the delegates to the meeting of the Ecclesiastical Union of the Evangelical Armenian Churches of our region were en route to Adana, when the storm broke without warning, April 14. It was Wednesday morning. The immediate occasion was a fight between a drunken Armenian and two worthless Turks, one of the latter having been killed. The Vali and the military commander were incompetent or more likely in league with the mob, which met with no opposition from the authorities. Many Armenians were armed and made a stout resistance. They took up good positions commanding those streets leading to

the Armenian quarter of the city, and held their own pretty well through the day, although many were caught unaware in the market and slain before they could escape, and the many living out in the vineyards and gardens were all killed. But at night the Turks began to fire the houses and shops of the Armenians. Thursday morning the attack was renewed with vigor, and during this day nearly the whole Armenian quarter was burned and looted. Thursday while fighting the fire which threatened the American Girls' School, where the American missionaries, together with a large number of Armenian women and children, were gathered, the two American missionaries, Rogers and Maurer, were shot and almost instantly killed. The shots were fired by Turkish looters from a house just across the street, a few yards away. Major Doughty Wylie, British vice-consul at Mersine, the seaport of Adana, came up on a special train Wednesday evening and made an heroic attempt to stop the massacre. With a small escort of Turkish soldiers he patrolled the streets, and while doing so had his right arm broken by a bullet. On Friday a truce was obtained, and when a few days later a regiment of regular troops arrived, every one breathed more freely; but the officers of this regiment were deceived into believing that the Armenians were the aggressors, and when a party of Turks disguised as Armenians fired upon the soldiers, they attacked the Armenians while in church on Sunday, burned the large church and Armenian school and the premises of the Jesuit Fraternity, where many Armenians had found asylum. This second massacre, while lasting only a short time, destroyed more lives than the former one, and had a far more depressing effect upon the people, who said, if the soldiers of the new régime, "soldiers of liberty," destroy us, then are we indeed undone.

As soon as telegraphic news of what was going on in Adana reached adjoining towns and cities, the bloody work was taken up and carried on. Missis, Hamidieh and Osmanieh on Thursday; Bagheche and Haroni on Friday; Hassan Beyli on Saturday was the way it went. Two large towns wholly Armenian, Hadgin and Deort Yol, were able to defend



themselves until the Government sent soldiers to protect them.

We in Aintab had for several days heard rumors of trouble in Adana, but our first positive news was a telegram received on Sunday, April 17th, which read, "Rodgers and Maurer murdered, all other Americans safe." On Tuesday the Turkish muleteer who had gone with the Aintab delegate for Adana, returned and reported that they had all been killed at Osmanieh. A day or two later refugees from Hassan Beyli came in with news of the terrible massacre in that mountain region. I was eager to get away to the assistance of the poor people in the Hassan Beyli district, but Aintab was in such a critical state that the friends, both native and foreign, protested against my leaving. But when the news of Abdul Hamid's downfall reached us, I made hasty preparations, and with one gendarme for escort, left the next day, April 30. The following day I reached Islahia, a small Kaza in the Adana Vilayet. (A vilayet is a province ruled by a Vali or governor-general; this is usually, for convenience of administration, subdivided into Sanjaks. The governor of a sanjak is called a Mutessariff. The sanjak is again subdivided into Kazas, and the governor of a Kaza is a Kaimakam.) This place had escaped massacre through the exertions of one man, Hadge Mohammed Agha, a wealthy Turk, who had for years been an officer of gendarmerie, and is known as Hadge Chaoush. Islahia is a small place on the plain, malarious and unwholesome, and has only a few Armenian traders among its inhabitants. Among its many villages there are three whose people are mostly Armenians. There was not the slightest friction between Moslem and Christian in this Kaza, but the Mufti of Baghche, a neighboring Kaza, had written letters to the leading Moslems of Islahia and the surrounding region, setting forth the great Armenian uprising, and calling on all good Moslems and patriotic Osmanlis by everything holy to arm and come to their help. The next day he sent more urgent letters, saying they were actually attacked, their houses being burned, their women ravished, and their children carried into captivity; for God's sake to come quickly. The



Armenians in the outside villages of Keller and Intirli had been harried, their houses burned, many of the men killed, and those who had escaped had found refuge in Islahia when it was determined to kill them there. The Kadi had publicly prayed for a blessing on the undertaking, and at the head of the mob was advancing to attack the poor refugees who had sought asylum in the Government house and the Mosque, when, Martini in hand, old Hadge Chaoush confronted them. He told them in vigorous Turkish, no language better adapted to the purpose, what he thought of them and then called for any friends of his to stand by him. His son, three or four trusty henchmen, and the Kaimakam ranged themselves beside him. Then he said, "You off-scourings who call yourselves Moslems but neither respect the law nor fear God, do you clamor for blood? You shall have it. We will fire upon you as soon as we can load our guns." He threw a cartridge into his Martini, and knowing him of old, they scattered like a covey of partridges.

There were about 400 refugees in the place. Hadge Chaoush had 80 women and children in his house. The Government was giving them a daily ration of good bread in sufficient quantity, but they did not dare to return to their burned houses, and were crowded together in the Mosque, dirty and vermin-infested, some of them wounded and some ill. I gave them such medical care as I could, listened to their tales of horror, comforted and advised them. Many of their young women were still in the hands of their enemies. I saw the Kaimakam and was able to make him see that it was to his interest to take active measures for the recovery of the women and girls. In fact two were brought in that night and another the next morning before I left. By bringing pressure to bear through the British consul in Adana, and Mr. Peet in Constantinople, within ten days all the young women who had been carried off by Kurds and Turks were returned to their friends. One of the girls in the house of Hadge Chaoush, who was teacher of the girls' school at Hassan Beyli, an Aintab girl of good family, had been carried off by a Kurd; a Circassian had forcibly taken her from the Kurd; and then the son of Hadge Chaoush with his retainers had rescued her.

The next morning I left for Baghche, the seat of Government for the Hassan Beyli region, visiting the burned villages of Keller and Intirli on the way, and reaching Baghche a little before sunset. Before leaving Aintab, I had telegraphed the British consul at Adana, telling of my going to Baghche, and asking that he secure orders from the local Government to facilitate my relief work. This he did, and under the peculiar conditions found there, it was a great help.

Baghche in a long narrow valley on the seaward side of of the Amanus mountains, is a village of about 250 houses. The valley leads up to the lowest pass over the range, and so has been chosen as the route of the Baghdad R. R. At the time of the massacre there was a party of German engineers in the place, who had spent the winter there. The other important places of the Kaza are Hassan Beyli, 425 houses, two and a half hours to the South; Lapazhli, 125 houses, 1 hour West; and Haroni with its 150 houses, lying at the edge of a large fertile plain, 4 hours to the West. About one half the inhabitants of Baghche were Moslems, Turks. The other places named being nearly all Armenian. The many small villages are all Mohammedan, the Kaza having about 6500 or 7000 Moslem and 5500 Christian population. The Mohammedans are agriculturists and officials, the Christians comprise all the artizans and traders and a good many of them are also agriculturists. Silk-raising was the principal industry at Hassan Beyli. This and Haroni were both beautiful and prosperous towns. There was in each a strong self-supporting Protestant church, with good schools. In short, these were progressive people, living in peace and harmony with their Mohammedan neighbors.

Thursday, April 15, rumors of the massacre at Adana reached Baghche, but the Mufti and the Kaimakam assured the people that whatever happened elsewhere, there would be no trouble there. The Kaimakam in good faith, the Mufti in treachery, he being then engaged in sending out urgent messages calling the hordes to the slaughter. Friday morning armed villagers appeared upon the neighboring

hills. The Kaimakam sent zabtiehs to disperse them, but instead of dispersing they approached the town, and when the Kaimakam confronted them, they threatened to shoot him, his zabtiehs refused to obey him, and he found himself betrayed and helpless. The mob entered the town and was joined by nearly all the Government officials, the zabtiehs and the Moslem inhabitants of the place in the work of slaughter and loot. In one or two houses there was an attempt to defend themselves, but for the most part they threw themselves on the mercy of their Moslem neighbors, or fled to the houses of the German engineers, or the mosque for asylum. The Germans in the most heartless manner gave up those who had fled to them, and those few Moslems, who would willingly have saved a friend or two, were terrorized into giving them up. The Mufti ordered two of the leading men, from whom he had taken large bribes to protect them, taken out of the mosque and killed before him in the public square. He then executed a dance of joy and thanked God that he had been permitted to see such a day. The shops and houses were looted, and the latter burned, except those occupied by the Germans. The dead were thrown into the wells, and so the work was finished. Haroni, Intirli and Keller were massacred the same day; and then all joined forces, together with several hundred Kurds from Islahia who had responded to the Mufti's letters, and a crowd of Turks from Osmanieh who had helped themselves to military rifles and ammunition from the arsenal there. Having had ample warning, the Hassan Beyli people had thrown up some barricades across the roads, and occupying these and a couple of hilltops, they kept their assailants at bay for the whole day, Saturday. But toward night the numbers of the attacking force was greatly increased, and their possession of military rifles being understood, when the darkness fell, all the males, yielding to the entreaties of the women, fled to the mountains in an attempt to reach various places of safety. At daybreak they were pursued, and for days were hunted like partridges. Most of those who finally escaped found shelter at Fundajak, a large Armenian village near Marash, two days journey to the North. All their

houses were burned, and in many instances the walls dug down in search of buried treasure.

When I reached Baghche, fifteen days after the massacre, all the survivors of that place, men women and children, were crowded into the mosque, prisoners under military guard. And up to the time of my arrival (as I afterward learned) the plan was entertained of burning the mosque with them all in it. They were only waiting till the men of Hassan Beyli should be brought back from Fundajak to finish them all off together. The Hassan Beyli women and children, nearly 2000 of them, were packed into the Protestant chapel and school; and subjected to daily annoyance from ruffians who forced their way among them, searching for pleasing young women or girls, and taunting them with the destruction of all their men, and their dependence on Moslem charity. These poor creatures looked upon my coming as a direct answer to prayer, the first ray of light that had penetrated their darkness..

I found the Kaimakam to be an open-hearted, justice-loving, Arabic-speaking Turk from Jaffa; but young and inexperienced, and a good deal shaken by what he had been through. He was weak, and the results were as bad as though he had been ever so wicked. There were three other officials, all outsiders, the Mal Mudiri (comptroller), Nufus Mudiri (passport officer) and the head clerk in the department of taxes, who were good men and had had no part in the hellish work. But they had, partly because they were outsiders, too little influence to stem the tide, and the Mufti was still master of the situation.

There were thirty wounded among those in the mosque, and in the morning I dressed their wounds, and prescribed for the ill among them, using the rest of the day in obtaining information about the situation. There had been 780 houses burned, and nearly a thousand men and boys killed in the Baghche Kaza alone. A population of about 5000 to be fed and clothed, the Government of Baghche was giving a daily dole of four metallics (four cents) to each adult and two metallics to each child. With this they bought a black bread, which I could not eat,

barely enough to sustain life, and the women and children gathered herbs and roots in the mountains with which to eke it out. Some days the money was not given and they went hungry. The second night after my arrival the men who had fled to Fundajak were brought back by a guard of fifty soldiers; 217 were from Hassan Beyli and about fifty from other places.

It took only 48 hours to find out that my telegrams were not working, and presumably the post, which went only once a week, would not serve me any better; so I hired a special messenger at exorbitant rates, and sent him to Aintab with letters setting forth the situation, and asking the Aintab friends to telegraph Constantinople and Adana, and also to prepare such contributions of bedding, food, clothing, dishes, utensils, etc., as could be collected. A few days later I went to Aintab to hurry on these things, and to get into telegraphic touch with Mr. Peet, our treasurer, at Constantinople, and Consul Doughty Wylie in Adana. My four days in Aintab were busy enough, consulting with the relief committee, putting up medical supplies, performing surgical operations, etc. I got off a caravan of twenty-two mule loads for Baghche, and the next day, accompanied by Mrs. Shepard and one of our hospital staff, Dr. Phillip Hovnanian, started back, reaching Baghche after an absence of eight days.

I here quote part of a letter written from Hassan Beyli:

We climbed slowly up the pass, 1800 feet above Islahia where we had spent the night, wound around among the mountains well-wooded with oak, and reached Hassan Beyli in a shower of rain about noon. The blackened ruins were a sad sight. About a score of the former inhabitants were huddled together under such shelter as was afforded by a mulberry tree, and came down to the spring where we stopped for lunch. They told us that all the people were to be sent over from Baghche the next day, so I left our tents there. We left these poor people what food we had, and went on to Baghche. Here I found that during the eight days of my absence the 3000 refugees had received only eight metallics (about 8 cents) per capita, and were very hungry; also that sickness was increasing from the crowding and filth.

The newly appointed governor of the Sanjak was in Baghche and I spent most of the next day with him, giving him information of past events, present conditions, talking over plans for relief,

etc., and in the evening took a walk with him and the Kaimakam to see the ruined town, with its 135 burned houses and little groups of women and children (mostly widows and orphans) camped under trees or booths of branches. The Mutessariff is a cultured man from Monastir, recently sent to Adana as Commissioner of Education for the Province, and is profoundly stirred by all he has seen. I hope that, even trammelled as he is by Turkish red tape and an indifferent Vali, he may succeed in feeding these poor people till the harvest.

Friday morning after each had received 16 metallics and about a quart of wheat the Hassan Beyli people were sent to their village. The distance is about seven miles, and it was a most pitiful sight—a squad of twenty-five soldiers in front, then the poor things—mostly barefooted and in rags with little bundles of wheat or old clothes, old kerosene, tins for cooking pots, and here and there one with a bit of board on which to roll out their thin bread.

Our first caravan of twenty-two animals laden with clothing, implements, etc., got in Friday morning, just in time. I laid off five loads for Baghche, and used the five animals, and my own five (ten in all), to transport the sick or weak. Thursday a caravan of relief, mostly flour and clothing, came in from Marash. I sent them to Lapagely and Haroni, as being in the most urgent need. There are about 1000 destitute people in those two places. In the latter no Government rations have been issued as yet. There is very little wheat in this vicinity, and the Government treasury empty. So I sent a reliable man with a Zabtieh (mounted gendarme) to buy wheat on the Haroni plain, hoping that the unladen animals of the Marash caravan could bring it back for us free of charge. There are no animals left in the hands of Christians, and Moslems demand exorbitant hire for theirs.

I had a conference with the poor people of Keller (an hour and a half from Islahia) made arrangements for distribution of relief there, and had a breakfast of thin bread and milk, at the house of the Bey. As usual a crowd of patients besieged me, and all along the road up through the straggling village, I was repeatedly halted to see the sick. I reached Hassan Beyli about 10:30 a.m. and found a big crowd about the tent where clothing, etc., was being distributed. While in general there was no appearance of Sabbath observance, still as I lay in my tent taking a little rest I could hear the sounds of scripture reading or of prayer arising from little groups of people gathered under the trees near their ruined houses. In many cases the only thing carried away when they fled was the beloved Bible. Monday morning I went to Baghche. I bought three loads of rice—all there was in Baghche—and just as I was about to return Miss Rohner and party returned from Haroni. They tell heart-rending tales of the conditions there. There are still many corpses lying in the streets and house-yards, being devoured by dogs and vultures, and the stench is unbearable. None of the survivors had yet visited the Christian part of the town since the massacre, but some of them accompanied the



German friends, and recognized the remains of their friends by the scraps of clothing still clinging to the bones. Mr. Blank himself identified one as a former inmate of his orphanage by the sleeve which still clung to one arm.

Tuesday morning the twenty loads of wheat, that had come from Baghche, and the rice were distributed, and made less than a quart per capita for the 2000 hungry ones. I wish there were some way to know whether the Turkish Government means to continue to feed these people, or if it is merely playing with me. There are twelve of the prominent actors in the recent massacres being sent to the court martial at Erzin, but the Mufti, who was really the organizer of the whole business in this region, is not of the number.

You see the problem before me. Five thousand people to be fed by the Turkish Government, if possible, if not, by other means. The people had neither money nor credit, no tools or implements, not a cup or spoon, not a cooking pot or pan, not a bed or blanket, not an extra undergarment. The first caravan of twenty-two loads from Aintab contained one bale of over a thousand wooden spoons, beds and bedding for the sick, some tools and a blacksmith's outfit with which we could make more. These caravans of goods, contributed by the poor Armenians of Aintab, kept coming in, every three to five days, until 200 loads had reached us. This was a noble response from the native brethren in Aintab, four of whom accompanied their gifts and helped me in the distribution, and by their sympathy and encouragement did much to revive the bereaved and despairing. We soon had two blacksmiths busy making sickles for the approaching harvest, carpenters making threshing machines, etc. We bought wool and cotton, and Mrs. Shepard soon had many of the women employed in washing, carding and spinning, then looms were set up and cloth, blankets, and sacks began to add their comforts to the reborn civilization.

During all this time I was busy making representations to the Turkish Government through those officials, civil or military, with whom I came in contact, to the parliamentary commission which visited the region about the middle of June, to the efficient British Consul in Adana, to the International Relief Committee in Constantinople, as to the urgency of beginning rebuilding at once, if we were not to



be caught by the winter rains. About the middle of August Parliament appropriated £T. 100,000 for this purpose, and what was equally important, an able and honest man, His Excellency Jemal Bey, was appointed Vali, *i.e.*, governor-general, of Adana. One of the first things done by Jemal Bey after his arrival was the appointment of a strong relief committee, composed largely of foreigners and Christians. Upon hearing of his appointment, I immediately went to Adana, arriving two days later than he. To my surprise I found that I had been made chairman of the Government "Commission of Relief and Rebuilding" for the three Kazas of Baghche, Islahia and Khassa; there was, however, no work to be done in the Kaza of Khassa. Mr. Wm. Nesbitt Chambers, missionary of the American Board of Adana, introduced me to the Vali, who was cordial and gave me the privilege of meeting the Relief Commission the next day and presenting at length the needs of our district. The Commission at once voted us £T. 10,000, with which to begin the work of rebuilding, and £T. 1,800 for food. My commission consisted of four members besides myself, *viz.*, Lieutenant Shakir Effendi, of the regular army, detailed for this special service, Ziah Effendi, an official from the civil service, and two Armenians, Garabed Agha Parsekian of Hassan Beyli, and Avedis Effendi of Baghche. Shakir Effendi and I saw the £T. 11,800 placed to our credit in the Imperial Ottoman Bank, and taking part of it with us, started for Baghche the next day. Could I have seen all the difficulties of the weary months before us I should not have felt so elated. But I shall not weary you with the tale. Suffice it to say that we immediately made contracts with timber-cutters and set them at work, and began the difficult task of apportioning the money to the owners of the burned houses, the principle being to make such a grant in aid to each individual as would enable him to get a roof over his head before winter. We also had the widows and orphans to feed. With funds received from the International Committee, I was trying to see that each farmer had a yoke of oxen, each weaver a loom, each muleteer a mule, etc.

The work was greatly increased because the villages were scattered over a large area, and connected (separated would perhaps be a better term) by difficult bridle paths over precipitous mountains. Shakir Effendi proved to be an efficient and honorable gentleman, with whom it was a pleasure to work. The other members of the commission also proved good workers, and before the winter came we had the satisfaction of seeing every one sheltered, having assisted in the rebuilding of over 900 houses, and leaving in the hands of a responsible committee £T. 1,600 for the rebuilding of churches and schools, which we were unable to attempt in the time at our disposal. These, however, were built the next spring.

Counting the 200 loads of goods sent from Aintab as worth only \$15,000, I administered more than \$100,000 in relief in the ten months following the massacre, and rode about 3000 miles horseback. Perhaps as I have several times alluded to the Courts Martial which tried the perpetrators of these massacres, I ought to say a few words about their work. No *one* thing could be truthfully said about them all. They differed greatly in the character and spirit of their personnel and naturally differed also in the work which they did.

The investigating committee, which sat in Baghche while taking evidence in regard to the massacre in Baghche and Hassan Beyli, was impartial; and the central court, which sat in Erzin, pronounced judgment in accordance with the evidence, and seven of the leaders (including the Mufti, a very influential man) were hanged. The investigating committee, also sitting at Baghche, which investigated the Haroni massacre (one of the most hellish on record), was prejudiced from the start, and whitewashed the whole thing. Nevertheless the central court at Erzin condemned Hadji Khallil Bey, the real leader, to perpetual banishment with his whole family, upon evidence coming to its knowledge from other sources. The court martial sitting in Antioch found eighty-five sentences of varying severity, but malign influences at Constantinople were able to prevent the execution of any of them. My friend, the Mutessariff of a Sanjak

in which another court sat, said to me, "I am surprised that they could find such a set of incompetent rascals in a single Army Corps." But when all is said it remains that, in the case of the Adana massacre, seventy Moslems were hanged for killing Christians in a general uprising. And when you stop to think how hard it is to secure the conviction and punishment of those who kill people in a mob in this country, these results—far from justice as they are—will not look so meagre after all.